An angrie arme againſt his miniſter.
Dut. Where then alas may I complaine my ſelfe?
Gaunt. To God, the Widowes Champion and defence.
Dutc. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*,
Thou goeſt to Couentrie, there to behold
Our Cooſin Herford and fell Mowbray fight.
O ſet my Husbands wrongs on Herfords Speare,
That it may enter Butcher Mowbrayes breaſt.
Or if misfortune miſſe the firſt carrier,
Be Mowbraies ſinnes ſo heauie in his boſome,
That they may breake his foming Courſers backe,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cooſin Herford.
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy ſometimes Brothers wife,
With her companion, griefe muſt end her life.
Gaunt. Siſter farewell, I muſt to Couentrie:
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me.
Dutch. Yet one word more; griefe boundeth where it fals
Not with the emptie hollowneſſe, but weight:
I take my leaue before I haue begunne,
For ſorrow ends not when it ſeemeth done:
Commend me to my Brother Edmund Yorke,
Loe this is all; nay yet depart not ſo,
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly goe,
I ſhall remember more: Bidd him, ah what?
With all good ſpeed at Plaſhie viſite me.
Alacke and what ſhall good old Yorke there ſee,
But emptie Lodgings and vnfurniſht walles,
Vnpeopled Offices, vntrodden Stones;
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To ſeeke out ſorrow, that dwels euery where;
Deſolate, deſolate will I hence and die:
The laſt leaue of thee takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lord Marſhall and the Duke Aumerle.
Mar. My Lord *Aumerle*, is Harry Herford armde?
Aumerle. Yea at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of No
Staies but the ſummons of
Aum. Why then the Cl
For nothing but his Maieſ

* *The trumpets ſound, and the*
they are ſet, enter the Duk
King. Marſhall, demau
The cauſe of his arriuall h
Aske him his name, and o
To ſweare him in the iuſtic
Mar. In Gods name an
And why thou commeſt t
Againſt what man thou co
Speake truely on thy Knig
As ſo defend thee heauen
Mow. My name is *Tho*
Who hither come engage
(Which God defend a Kn
Both to defend my loyalti
To God, my King, and m
Againſt the Duke of Herf
And by the grace of God,
To prooue him in defend
A Traytor to my God, m
And as I truly fight, defe

✠ *The Trumpets ſoun*
appella
King. Marſhall, aske yo
Both who he is, and why
Thus plated in habilimen
And formerly, according
Depoſe him in the iuſtice
Mar. What is thy nam
Before King *Richard* in
Againſt whom comeſt th
Speake like a true Knigh

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND